

better for them than blankets. "Life was lent for noble deeds." And, if to a weary soul we become as the light of a Pharos in a stormy sea or the shade of a rock in a weary land, offering words of encouragement and kindness and rendering deeds of love to the living, and to the dying whispering a prayer that will cheer the spirit on its upward flight, are we not then only doing God's bidding? As we are hurrying on thro these busy days, do we see no signals of distress on life's broad sea? Do we hear no cries, no bitter wails from souls that are on the angry waves? Do we heed the signals and hearken to the cries? Have we no time to wipe away a tear?

In the world of plants, the flower clothes itself in beauty, then it droops and wastes away. The plant still lives; the other leaves are fresh and green; but this life is dead. Search among the withered petals and there in a cradle of cunning workmanship are hidden clustering seeds—a gift to the future at the sacrifice of the flower. The food the flower might have lived upon is given to the seeds, stored round each tiny embryo with lavish care, so that when the sun wakens them into this new world they may not want. But it is far more noble to live for another than to die for him. If there is a soul somewhere whom you have saved, a bright jewel has been added to your diadem. In heaven a choir of angels tuned all their harps and sang the song of his redemption.

That God helps those who live and work for others is illustrated by the pleasant legend of Michael Angelo. The Italian was engaged on a painting, but grew weary and discouraged while his work was yet incomplete, and fell asleep. Then while he slept an angel came, and seizing the brush that had dropped from the tired artist's fingers, finished the picture. Angelo awoke at length, affrighted that he had slept and neglected his task in self-indulgence, but, looking at his canvas, his heart was thrilled with joy and his soul uplifted beyond measure. The picture had been painted fairer with tint and touch diviner, and the light of God was breaking above it.

But it is in the endless and infinite self-sacrifice of a mother that altruism finds its main expression. She is the morning and evening star of life. Like the lone bright speck in the heavens in the deep solitude of nature's night, she sits the presiding divinity of the family mansion, its delight and charm, its stay and hope. When age and infirmities may have incapacitated her for performing her accustomed duties, she is like the star before us; neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eyes to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when darkness falls. The Sun sets behind the

Western horizon, but he leaves behind him a golden halo of light. The coral insect dies; but the reef it raised, breaks and surges on the shores of a great continent, or has formed an island on the bosom of the ocean to wave with harvests for man. So the influence left by a mother is transmitted in echoes that will never cease.

Roll on, thou social law of service, make men's natures love thy character of altruism, and thou shalt bequeath a legacy divine!

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sowed,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

#### ASHLAND COLLEGE

LOUIS S. BAUMAN

It makes my heart rejoice to hear the encouraging reports coming in concerning the college debt. Roann has her \$100 ready to be paid on demand, and I expect by this time Mexico has her \$100 ready, also. Brethren, if there is a failure in this matter, Indiana is not to blame.

A failure! Can we, dare we think of such a thing? Yes, it seems there are brethren, churches, PREACHERS, that dare think of such a thing. "O, we can get along without it," they say. The college? Yes, *perhaps*. But brethren, it will not stop there. There are talented young men and women in our church that you may have to get along without also, if you make up your minds to get along without Ashland College. I do not know what the effect would be on myself,—actually, I do not. But I do know what the effect will be on some that I happen personally to know. To think that after we have that magnificent property paid for within a few thousand dollars, that there is not enough stamina in the *whole brotherhood* to save it to us, that there is not at least one brother in the entire church that has enough consecrated wealth to fly to the rescue,—brethren, I tell you it will be enough to make young men and women filled with ambition and zeal for God, think that God is not in the great movement of fourteen years ago.

Brethren, you let that institution go now, and it is going to take the best years some of us younger brethren, who have "backbone" enough to stand by our beloved church in such an hour, to win back the honor, and instil into the church the zeal that you sold for a few thousand miserable chunks of silver or microbed greenbacks.

Never before have I written a word on this subject, I have been waiting, I

have been watching, I have been praying, ever since as a little lad I sent in my dime to Brother Holsinger to be enrolled in the "Roll of Honor." But "the hour is come!" As a young man I must speak. "There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free from this burden; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for the youth of our church and for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, *we must act*. I repeat it, sir, we must act! An appeal to pocket-books and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

Brethren, we must act, and do it *now*. If you have a dollar that you ever intend to give to the college, give it *now*. And when the war for our honor as a church is over, you brethren at Ashland, get out your muskets and anvils, set your old straw stacks on fire, expand your lungs and "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord," and "all ye lands," as ye catch the echo bounding from the summits of the Alleghenies against the peaks of the Rockies, "Sing forth the honor of his name and make his praise glorious."

Come brethren, let us do our duty, and next New Year's night we will let the bells ring out this old song of which you have grown tired, and ring it in the new, at last and forever.

Roann, Ind.

#### A NOBLE WORK

Some years ago a vestryman of an Episcopal church in New York city, after the Sunday morning service, said to a brother vestryman across the aisle: "Come with me this evening and see my boys." "Your boys! What do you mean?" the other replied. "Come, and you will see." With some persuasion his friend went with him, and found himself, on a wintry, icy night, at the Children's Aid Society rooms. They, the vestryman took the desk as leader, read the Scriptures, offered prayer, made a most appropriate address, and then called upon his friend to speak. At the close of the service his friend asked: "How long have you been doing this thing, without my ever having suspected it?" "Sixteen years," was the reply. For sixteen years, says the Independent, Howard Potter had been leaving his rich and beautiful home every other Sunday night to help, and instruct, and stimulate to a better life the poorest boys, the very waifs of New York city, and to find for them honorable homes in the West. He died suddenly of heart disease in London, where he was the head of the London branch of the great house of Brown Brothers & Co., of which he was the senior partner. He was a brother of Bishop Potter, and no member of the family was either an abler or a truer man than was Howard Potter.